



# Paris Portias, Beautiful and Brilliant

Since French Authorities Allowed Women Lawyers to Practise at the Bar Twenty-five Girls Are Following the Profession, Besides Leading in the Feminist Movement

TWELVE years ago the Paris authorities refused to admit a woman to the bar. Now twenty-five women lawyers are practising in Paris. The woman who first applied for admission to the bar was Mlle. Chauvin, who had taken a course in French law and passed her examinations with honors.

Her audacity shocked the staid members of the legal profession in Paris and it was hoped that the refusal to admit her would end the matter. Not so. Mlle. Chauvin kept hammering at the authorities and her example was followed by half a dozen other brilliant French girls who plunged into the study of law and assisted Mlle. Chauvin in her hammering. The would-be lawyers were generally good looking as well as clever, and no Frenchman can withstand the plea of beauty very long. The result was that not only were young women lawyers permitted to practise but they have every privilege that men have.

Of all the women lawyers now at the Paris bar the most beautiful as well as the most successful is Mlle. Miropolski. She possesses unusual intellectual powers, and coupled with her beauty this makes her a striking figure. She has a large practice and no man in Paris works harder. She is Polish and went to Paris five or six years ago. When she rises in court, wearing her legal cap and gown, with white muslin bands at the throat, she always makes a sensation and there is a hum of admiration such as no male advocate ever excited.

Recently Mlle. Miropolski made a rather dangerous slip in her pleading which amused all Paris. She was defending a white haired wreck of humanity charged with burglary. Joining her hands together, she pleaded with the jury to be merciful to the prisoner.

"Have pity on him, gentlemen," she cried. "He is a poor, doddering old man. He is 50 years old!"

Judge d'Albignac, who was presiding, almost leaped out of his seat with indignation. He happened to be 57 years old.

The beautiful advocate finished her address, however, and the prisoner was let off with the minimum punishment. Since then *Femina*, the principal woman's paper of Paris, has started a debate on the question: "When is a man really old?" The prize winning answers must come from women.

Mlle. Miropolski is a leader in the woman's movement apart from her legal work. She makes spirited addresses on women's rights. She has no patience with the idea that a woman who is pursuing a serious career should disregard the value of dress or hide the attractions of her sex.

"Fight men with your mind if you must," she says, "but do not throw away the natural weapon of your sex. Be as

warning face to face with the management of a fortune and act so ably as to astonish even those who imagined that they knew them well?"

Therefore, argues the young Polish lawyer, a practical education for women will not be at variance with their natural character, but will strengthen the practical tendencies.

"Innocence is no longer a sufficient ideal for a young girl," declares Mlle. Miropolski. "Nowadays she must have the mastery of herself as well."

One of the best ways to get it, she continues, is to take up athletic exercise. This will bring about community of interests among women, by means of which they will be inspired with new ideas which the women of yesterday could not grasp.

"Finally that which should contribute most efficaciously to transform the ancient ideas of the education of women is the modern idea that each one of us must develop and strengthen her personality in accordance with her surroundings and traditions," says this young lawyer.

"Ibsen's heroines speak of realizing themselves; even if their ideal is a trifle confused it is not lacking in nobility."

"Wiser than they, we of to-day are aware that a strong personality does not break brusquely with all social prejudice; that among the latter are some that are necessary and that the only true individualism is that which makes many compromises with the benevolent requirements of one's surroundings."

The other day this interesting young woman gave a lecture on love at the Theatre Michel. It was well attended. She analyzed the love of woman as re-

vealed by women writers, quoting from many proper and novels, and then turned her attention to the modern woman's love as exemplified in legal cases she has tried. She said:

"The woman of to-day, just as in savage times, seeks some one who will dominate her. She wants a master, and for that reason women love strong men. The athlete captures most hearts, although men with dominating minds also attract femininity. All women seek for the irresistible man who will not let them escape, who commands them, who forces them to do his bidding. Women are glad to be slaves of such men."

She had declared that feminism did not drive woman from love and marriage, and that many women who worked as lawyers, as doctors and in other professions did so because love had not come their way.

"It is unfair," said the lecturer, amid loud applause, "to consider us incapable of love or of marriage because we work for a living."

Mme. Grunberg, a widow, though less striking than Mlle. Miropolski, is remarkable for the acuteness of her reasoning powers. She was prosecuting a trivial case in which a man was sued for the value of a large joint of meat stolen by his dog. The defendant's lawyer said that the complainant had not taken proper care of his property and that no man could be blamed because a dog had a propensity to steal. That was the nature of the dog.

"On the contrary," said Mme. Grunberg, "I will show that the dog's nature is so docile that he adopts any morality or manners that are taught him. If this dog had a propensity to steal it was the

direct result of the neglect or bad teaching of his owner."

The verdict was against the dog.

Mlle. Galtier enjoys a large practice. Recently she conducted an intricate real estate case with such ability that one of the leading members of the bar jumped up and proposed to her in court. The offer was not immediately accepted, but it is believed that Mlle. Galtier will make her admirer useful in her professional work.

Mlle. Marguerite Bois is a young Portia of Paris who has probably had more proposals of marriage than any other young woman in Paris. There is something bewilderingly fascinating about her, and it has been said that no man who has ever been her client has ever failed to propose to her if he was free. She has been practising law three years and has made a small fortune in fees. She is extremely witty and keeps the court in a merry mood. She is brilliant in her pleading and she rarely loses a case.

She also is a suffragist and when she has time pleads for her cause.

Mme. Benezek is a girl with big, serious eyes and beautiful hair in addition to a voice of exceeding sweetness and power. She is called "the girl advocate with the golden voice." When she rises to heights of eloquence in her pleading she is very dramatic. It has been said that she practises law with her voice and her eyes and wins.

Mme. Benezek has taken up of late the cause of the miserable creatures who live in squalor near some of the barriers of Paris. They include apaches, and it has been said that no woman was safe among them even in the daytime. But Mlle. Benezek is absolutely fearless and goes about among them unprotected. She is child-



Mlle. Miropolski



Mme. Benezek.



Mme. Grunberg.



Mlle. Chauvin.

valuable a man to be kept with us as a mere salesman, and—"

"Poor Snap begins to swell. He never noticed before what a commonplace appearing, no account lot of rascals his fellow salesmen were."

"And so we have concluded," continues the benevolent head of the house, "to let you into an interest in the firm, to which your services entitle you."

"After that, of course, Snap swells almost to the point of bursting. The upshot of it all Snap goes in as a junior partner, just as Jack over yonder has, and he works harder than ever to increase his trade. He's a big man. Oh, he's a topper."

"The yearly settlement comes round. Snap steps into the office to pull out a small fortune as his share of the profits. The head of the house puts his fingertips together and talks in mellow confidence to Snap."

"It has been a funny year," he says. "When you came in as junior partner a year ago we inventoried those goods there at \$4 a yard. They went out of style, and I guess 30 cents would be a good value on them now. There wasn't the run we expected on those buttons we let you in on at \$24 the gross, and I fear that an offer of 10 cents now would be considered all they are worth. Then we overbought on those goods yonder, and these goods were not up to the mark," and so on and so forth puts the benevolent head of the house.

"The end of the matter is that when the books are balanced Snap finds that he has made about \$1,500 for the year out of an interest in the house, against the \$8,000 or so he made as an ordinary salesman."

"Well, he's a member of the firm. It won't do to let the business go down, and so we see poor Snap digging in and holding his big trade, and if he doesn't owe the house \$8,000 or \$10,000 the first thing he knows, then he's a mighty lucky junior partner."

"When the head of a big dry goods house wants to get an \$8,000 man for one-quarter of that sum, my boy, you can make up your mind that the house will have a new junior partner before long, and that another good salesman has got the big head. And that's just what's the matter with Jack over there. They've gobbled him. That's why I'm sorry for him. Jack is a—hello! I'm blessed if he hasn't ordered up another bottle! Let's go over and help the poor lad get away with it!"



Mlle. Galtier.

charming as you can, and those who are too stupid to be convinced by our logic may be conquered in other ways."

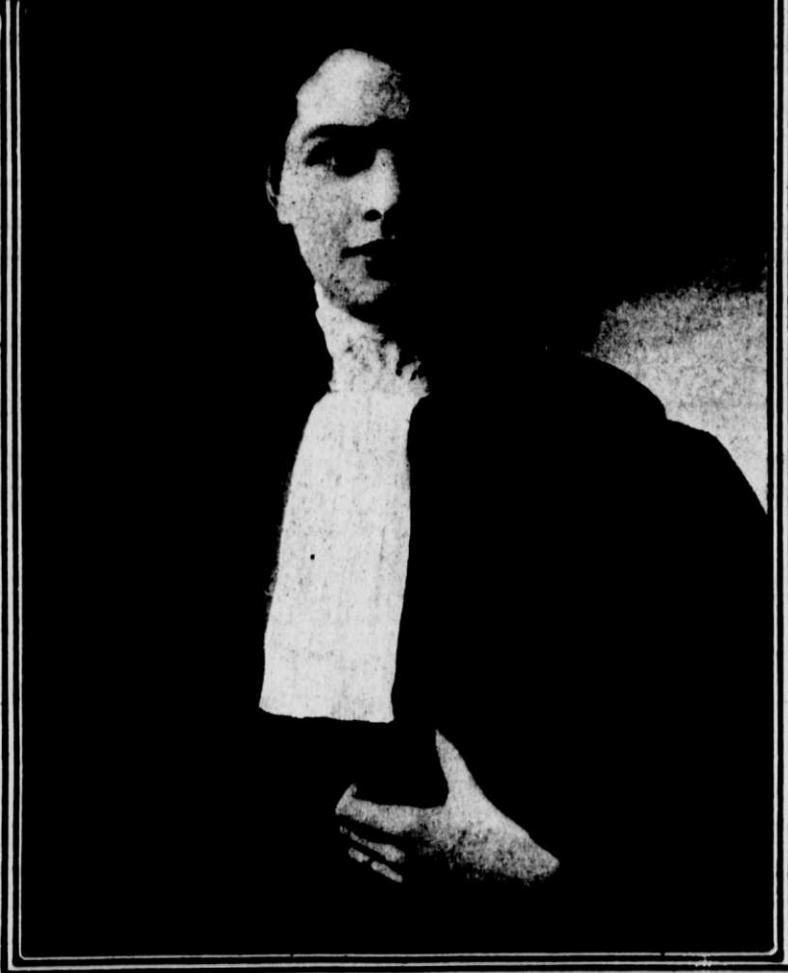
The day for women to be educated merely to make good wives and housekeepers is past, affirms Mlle. Miropolski. It passed never to return as women began to strike out for themselves in economic competition with men. Women who insist on remaining half ignorant will feel themselves more and more at a disadvantage beside their working sisters. Thus little by little a total revolution will come about in the theories regarding a young woman's education.

A girl's education, first of all, must be useful. That woman is worthy of such a thing Mlle. Miropolski is firmly convinced.

"It has often been said that women were born for mental frills and dreams, not for science and abstract studies," she says. "But it is sufficient to glance about a bit to see that the truth is quite otherwise. This truth is of great importance to feminism."

"It is this: The intelligence of woman is almost always more realistic than that of man. By that I mean that it gets closer to fact, is more disposed toward practical solutions, further removed from chimerical imaginings and in some ways—and this is alike an advantage and a limitation—it is less idealistic."

"Often in an assemblage of women I am struck by the practical character of what is discussed. In cases in which men, especially young men, get tangled up in a network of more or less theoretical ideas women go straight to the point without circumlocution. Cannot you— as I can give instances of frivolous young women who, having become wid-



Mlle. Marguerite Bois.

interested in the women among these wretches and has influenced and helped many of them to lead better lives. She pleads their cases free in court and has sought assistance for them when she found them in distress."

Mlle. Benezek is also interested in the milliners' apprentices and has used her moral influence over them. She has helped many of them to an education out of her own pocket and two of them are now studying law.

Too Bad About This Salesman; Now He's Junior Partner

"SEE that happy looking young chap over there at the end of the counter, setting 'em up to the best there is in the house?" said the experienced dry goods salesman. "I sure am sorry for that man!"

"He was a salesman that never carried home less than \$6,000 a year from the dry goods house he sold for. I'm sorry for him. I thought he had a leveler head than to get caught that way. Poor Jack! But that's the way it goes. Nine out of ten of the dry goods boys that have any snap in 'em get caught up in the same way."

"Gone crooked? No. Honeyfogged. He has just been made a junior partner in his house."

"Smart lads like Jack get roped in in the same way every little while. I've known scores of 'em to walk right into the trap. Jack is setting 'em up to the best there is in the house on the strength of his advancement, poor fellow! To-morrow he'll begin thinking about a residence along the avenue, along with the rest of the merchant princes."

"Well, that's all right. Let him feel good. A year from now he'll be buying beer and inquiring around after a cheaper boarding house."

"Strikes you as being funny, doesn't it? It does seem a little odd, that's a fact. Listen. Every big wholesale dry goods house is bound to develop a salesman now and then who is a little more of a hustler than his fellows in the store are. Thus favored, he naturally fills his customers up with more goods than the ordinary salesman is able to shove off on to his, and the

result is that the first thing he knows he is distributing something like half a million dollars worth of goods about the country every year and pulling six or eight thousand dollars out of the firm's treasury for doing it."

"The heads of the dry goods houses are tolerably wide awake. They have their eyes on all struggling young salesmen who are building up such fine trades. So some fine day the firm says to itself:

"Our young Mr. Snap sold largely last year. Eight thousand dollars in salary and commissions! Bless our soul! An enterprising young man, in-

deed! He must be encouraged!"

"Then later Mr. Snap is delighted to see the head of the house draw near, shake hands with him, ask after his health, and so on."

"Well, well!" he thinks to himself, and begins to feel his head grow.

"Then the head of the house actually takes him by the arm and walks up and down with him, talking and smiling."

"My, my!" thinks Mr. Snap, and his head keeps on growing.

"Presently the firm says Snap on the back in a respectful sort of way, and says, in its mellow, penetrating tones: "Mr. Snap, we have thought for some time that you were altogether too

## Travelling in the Land of the "Jujus"

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its dark shadows and quivering lights, is peopled by many terrors, but among these that of *Ojje* reigns supreme. Some people, indeed, believe that there are good *Jujus* which are stronger, but many think that none but *Ojjes* himself can give protection against this dread, which walks by day or night, and may manifest itself in the least suspected ways. Mother, sister or sweetheart may be witches in disguise. The bird which flies in at your open door in the sunshine, the bat which circles round your house at twilight, the small bush beasts which cross your path while hunting—all may be familiars of witch or wizard, or even the latter themselves, disguised to do you hurt. In this world of magic, shape shifting is an every day occurrence, and it seems scarce harder of belief that a man should be able to change into leopard or crocodile than that tiny flowers, no bigger than a pinhead, should become huge fruits, hanging from tree and lane, ready to fall on, and stun, the passerby. To those who know the depths of virgin forests—with their strange solitudes, filled by the thousand unexplainable sounds, which together make up one vast silence—such beliefs seem not only natural but inevitable.

In old days if a man was thought to be a wizard he used to be taken into the bush to be "examined." There he was bound, and a hole cut in his body just above the liver. From this the officiating "juju man" usually succeeded in withdrawing the suspected familiar, generally in the form of a bird, toad, or other small creature, but sometimes in that of a tiny man. If nothing was found, the victim was cleared of all

suspicion, but alas! death always resulted from the treatment.

By old custom land can never be sold, but belongs to the heirs of the first settler, even if abandoned for hundreds of years. It is doubtful whether any part of the *Eko* country remains unowned at present, though there are great spaces, for instance, the Game and Forest Reserve, nearly 400 square miles in extent, which have been uninhabited for many years. A town, therefore, that wishes to remove to a fresh site must purchase the right of settlement, not ownership, from another. This is usually an affair of little difficulty, and the founding of *Oban* town on its present site, some fifty years ago, may be taken as typical.

The land belonged to the *Ojuk* people, who charged the newcomers:

One matchet, 1 sheep, 1 piece of iron, 1 hoe and 7 iron hooks for the right to settle.

Forty pieces of dried meat for the hunting rights.

Fifteen baskets of fish for water rights; while, for forestry rights, one goat, five pieces of dried meat and 500 pieces of ebony were exacted.

In addition three pots of palm oil, 500 yams, 500 sleeping mats and ten bundles of corn were demanded in final settlement.

On starting a new town a meeting is called, and after the site for the *Eko* house has been agreed on, each family is apportioned its share of the new bush. As a rule, the first newcomer to explore a particular part has primary claim to it. The bush beyond the immediate vicinity is counted as belonging to the men who found it.

In the interior children and young

girls still have their bodies painted with designs made by black vegetable dyes. The most usual of these is extracted from the rhizome of the little flower "*Ibiri Nsi*," much like a wild hyacinth. A small amount of tattooing is practised and also the ghost marks already described. As regards coiffures, the variety of designs to be found among young girls and children is astonishing. Usually they first shave the head, then when the hair has grown to a uniform length of about a quarter of an inch, trace out with chalk an elaborate pattern, which is left standing against a clean shaved background.

Young women and children are also fond of ornamenting their faces, especially their foreheads, with designs in various colors. The absolute mastery of outline shown by these, as well as by those mentioned in the last paragraph, is far beyond the average to be expected from Europeans. The variety of such patterns is extraordinary. Several hundred sketches were made by my wife and her sister—indeed, the supply seemed inexhaustible. The outlines are often filled in with Nsibidi writings, and sometimes a girl's whole life history is proclaimed in this manner. Such patterns are always traced by a female relative, usually the aunt or the person decorated.

The *Eko* are mentally an intelligent race, and though they have not the concentration of mind possessed by white people, they can undoubtedly fix their attention for hours at a time on any subject which interests them, while their memories are incomparably better and their senses, at least those of sight, hearing and smell, are as to be expected—far keener than those of Europeans.